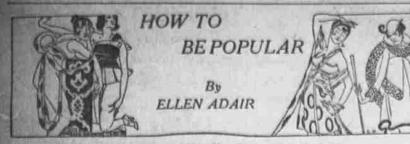
WOMAN AND THE HOME-PRIZES OFFERED FOR ORIGINAL IDEAS AND SUGGESTIONS



The Woman Whom Everybody Likes

to the rule. A certain type of foolish considers it rather an honor to be disliked by her own sex. She considers that such dislike is founded on Jealousy, and that jealousy on the part of other women towards herself is the highest tribute to her own powers of fascination and general charm. Her ambition is to gain great popularity with the men and let the women hate her as much as possible. This is exceedingly foolish and ill-advised, as sooner or later she will find out. For no woman can afford to do without the friendship of her own sex. Social neglect will follow, and she will find too late that partisanship with other women is indispensable to a certain measure of

The woman who wishes to be truly popplar will wisely determine to make hernelf liked by both men and women. It isn't so hard to make oneself liked if only the right way is taken. And it is so gloriously worth while, too. For popularity brings a glow of satisfaction with it that founded on a rock, or it will not be of long duration.

The basic quality on which popularity is built is kindliness towards the feelings of others.

The woman who has a very kindly heart and a ready sympathy for everybody with whom she comes in contact has solved the hardest part of the problem of popularity, and indeed has the root of the matter In her. For kindness and sympathy are essentials to popularity.

"Assume a virtue if you have it not," goes the old saying. But such assumption deceives nobody. The outward and visible signs of a sympathetic disposition can be assumed, but unless the real feeling is behind them, people will soon detect the lack, no matter how gushing and how generous the popularity-seeker may be. And so the woman who aspires to popularity must endeavor to make the virtue of sympathy a real part of herself. She must literally feel sorry for the sufferings of others, and what is sometimes harder, she must rejoice with

Her reward will come to her, not only in the liking of everybody with whom by one's neighbors makes this old world she comes in contact, but in a new turn merrily and brightly.

You would never think that a little

woman who could present the cause of

auffrage with such telling emphasis in

public would be so demure and domestic

at home. Miss Caroline Katzenstein, pri-

wate secretary of the Equal Franchise

League, is the living proof of the state-

meant that a suffragist can be ardent for

the cause and still be an exponent of the

"One of my hobbies is plain sewing,"

she said, as she took up her work; "you

know I used to teach sewing at the

Southwark Neighborhood House. I started

to do settlement work when I first came

to Philadelphia. I am a believer in re-

"Do you advocate the idea of a uniform

"Oh, no. I advocate simplicity of lines

dress for women, or anything like that?"

and beauty of materials, that's all. I

think women waste a great deal of money

and time following extreme styles, which only make them look ridiculous in the end. Besides, I don't see any reason why we should change our styles every month

or so. If I buy a gown which I consider pretty in January, why should I be ashamed to wear it in a couple of months

from now? And, yet, most women are ashamed to wear a dress which was be-coming just a short time before. Now, mind. I'm not aspiring to adopt trousers,

anything of the kind. People always sociate such ideas with suffragista." "How do you take your recreation after

office hours—are you a 'movie' flend?"
"No, I'm a physical culture flend," she
answered, laughingly. "I put in three
nights a week with a class where we do

everything you can imagine. I was al-ways interested in this, and had a regu-lar little gymnasium in my home in South Carolina. There I used to exercise an hour every morning before breakfast."
"What do you do at your class in the evenings?"

evenings?"
"Almost anything. We play soccer,

hurdle, swing Indian clubs, use dumb bells, climb ropes, and do floor and tra-pess work, for some of the things. And that isn't all, by any means."

"How did you like settlement work?"

"I loved it. I taught a class of 'little

domestic virtues.

form in dress, anyhow."

The desire to be popular is an instinct | broadened outlook and laterest in life. deeply rooted in the heart of the average | For the popular woman has learned to woman. Of course, there are exceptions study human nature in its varying phases, than which there is no more interesting hobby under the sun-

The "superior" woman and the blase woman will never be popular. It is small recommendation to go about the world with one's nose in the air, and one's elbows out sharply, ready to jostle the feelings of others at every turn. An assumption of indifference to the things about you le not an indication of intelligence. Upon the contrary, intelligent people are those who are wide-awake, enthusiastic and eager for life. They are interested in everything, down to the little triffes and happenings of daily life. To take a lively interest in people and their affairs does not by any means imply a gossiping or a prying disposition. The gossip is the person who unearths skeletons from the cupbonia for the sole purpose of parading them around the neighborhood. But the popular person gains her popularity by never repeating on unkind or uncharitable story. She is a model of discretion.

The very busy woman has a harder is very delightful and pleasing. I refer time to gain popularity than the woman to the real popularity and not to its tran- of leisure. For popularity literally takes sient and shallow counterfelt. The liking time. One must listen patiently to others and the friendship created must be without cutting them short or interrupting, and one must show no boredo whatever.

> It is easier in one sense for a woman to gain popularity with men than with other women. Less qualifications are required. The pretty woman who has an outwardly attractive appearance and a pleasing manner will acquire popularity with men easily. But to be popular with other women she must call more qualitles, more forces, more energies into play. Women are infinitely more critical of women than are men. We all admit that. But the woman who wishes to be truly popular, a term which implies the liking and the commendation of other women, must be sympathetic, kindly, charitable, intelligent enough to be amusing and interesting, and must not be a mischlef maker. She must be genuinely interested in all their little affairs, and must be considerate of their feelings. Above all, she must not flaunt her masculine conquests in their faces.

The art of popularity can be cultivated, and for every woman under the sun it is worth while, for it brings a sense of peace and harmony into one's life, and to know that one is truly liked

MISS CAROLINE KATZENSTEIN

will tend toward lessening household

labor for women. I mean such inven-

tions as the vacuum cleaner, the electric

iron, washtub and all those things. The

reason I am interested in these things is

because I think they remove the obstacles

to progress and allow women more time

for intellectual pursuits. Now, I wouldn't

mnthers' in the settlement-it was supposed to be for an hour in the afternoon, but it usually lasted until evening. I have had plenty of experience as a teacher. I taught Sunday school for the Ethical society, too. No, this isn't how I got interested in suffrage work. The truth is, I never remember the time when I became a convert to suffrage. As long as I can remember I believed in it.

"I'm a firm believer in everything which

MISS KATZENSTEIN AT HOME

Suggestions From Readers of the Evening Ledger

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Miss brands Steinburg, 1423 South 5th siret, for he following suggestion: For people who are troubled with runs in their stockings the following would be an excellent precaution to take before they are worn for the first time. In the top of the stocking, just below the hem, put a double row of machine stitching parallel with the hem. In order to prevent the stocking from puckering as the stitching is being made, do the work over

a sheet of paper. The paper may be eas-

fly torn out of the place when the stitch-

ing is completed.

Take a piece of cheesectoth, dampen ft with coal oil, and rub the record very gently. This will remove all grease spots or finger marks from the records and will not harm them in the least.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Jenie M. Rover, 417 North 4th street, Camden, N. J., for the following suggestion: Buy the unbleached muslin one-quarte, of a yard longer than the board; then dip muslin in warm water, before it is per-fectly dry pin on the board tightly, and you will always have a perfectly-fitting cover, as it shrinks to fit the board while

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Rose Lyle, 2237 Howahtr street, Phila-delphia, for the following suggestion: To keep brass beds from losing their

lacquer never use any kind of metal polish, as this scratches in time, and if not used regularly the bed looks terrible, as I have found out. The best and easiest way is to run a dry, soft chamois over it once a week. This keeps its same appearance and preserves it.





Afternoon Gowns

lately, refusing all invitations and every-Really, grip is a most depressing sort of thing. It makes one feel a hundred mothers gloried in. The high upstanding years old and utterly tired of life.

"Dorothy, you really must brighten up a bit," said mamma in her brisk, freshair-and-cold-breezes sort of way. "You of a deep rose taffeta in a changeable are the most depressed thing I've seen in shade. The very short skirt was shired a long while."

"I can't help it," I said. "Grip takes all the ambition and the interest out of

That very afternoon I had a delightful surprise. Quite a number of my gifl friends came trooping in to see me, laden with flowers and candy and all sorts of things. It was a regular surprise party. They stayed all afternoon, and we had such a glorious talk. So many things had happened since the grip had gripped me, and I did love hearing all the news.

Two of the girls wore heavy fur coats, and as my room was rather warm they removed them. Their dresses were the prettiest looking things. The first one I must mention was Alice Smith's. It was of flowered pale green crepe de chine, and had such a quaint, old-fashioned look, as so many of the new gowns have just now. But it suited Alice to perfection. The skirt was, needless to say, very full, and was gathered into a narrow leather

I have been spending such a quiet time | belt. These narrow leather belts are going to be immensely popular this spring. thing nice, for I have had grip and by the way. The little high-watered have been in bed for quite a while. bodice was very short and tight-fitting just the sort of thing our great-grandcollar was completed by a little stock, and a cute bow of leather was worn.

The other gown was equally chic, being into the waist line with cords, and the bottom was deep band of rese-colored velvet. The back and sides were puffed slightly in pannier fashion. The bodies was the usual tight-fitting, short-waisted affair; but what was prettiest of all was the high collar, which was outlined at boy, tom with tiny pink roses and finished at

top with a wide upstanding frill. I hear that voiles will be very popular this spring. The flowered voiles are particularly attractive.

At my surprise party the other girls wore tailored suits. Hats seem tinier than ever just at the moment, and these little Scotch affairs are seen everywhere. They are quite in keeping with the quaint air of the present fashlons.

I hope to be allowed to go out in a day or so. Staying in bed with srip does not suit me at all.

A New Beauty Hint

There is always a new method by which the woman of leisure can attain a beautiful complexion, and the latest process is that of "absorption." This is a process which is used to restore flesh which is yellow or wrinkled. So often it happens that a woman has old skin on her face, and the new coat is underneath it, waiting for the opportunity to appear. This is the time when she makes use of the absorption system, recommended by

a well-known specialist. "To destroy the ugly layer of skin all you have to do is to buy a small quantity of pure, asceptic wax at the drug store," he says. "Apply this a few eyenings as you do cold cream, and it will absorb the wrinkled skin, and some of the wrinkles as well. This wax is a pure, harmless substance and gives astounding results." results.'

He says that a woman who closs her pores up with make-up is only storing up for herself a further supply of the wrin-kles she is trying vainly to hide. It will be worth more in the end to keep the face clean and fresh, and nobody will see the wrinkles.

True Beauty

Give me a look, give me a face That make simplicity a grace: Robes loosely flowing, hair as free! Such sweet neglect more taketh me Than all the adulteries of art, That strike mine eyes, but not my hear. BEN JOHNSON

tie in the corks and wrap them in soft towels, garments, etc., and place in the middle of the trunk.

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER A Gripping Story of Love, Mystery and Kidnapping By CLAVER MORRIS Richard Meriet's-in this bag. Perhaps The hunt will have to start, he can't get back there before we do."

Guy Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchioness of Wimberley, is at Harptree Marchioness of Wimberley, is at Harptree Rehool, of which John Erleigh is head master. John and Anne are engaged to be married. Lord Arthur Meriet, uncle of Guy Wimberley, warns John that there is a plot to put the boy out of the way. Diek Meriet, a cousin, and in line for the inheritance of the great Wimberley estates, to concerned in the plot. The other plotters are Vertigan, a science unater at Harptree, who has a hold on John Erleigh, and Mrs. Travers, Erleigh's sister. Mrs. Travers was deserted by the mas she lovel, and this man was accidentally kill. I by John Erleigh, Mrs. Travers does not know that her own brother killed the father of her ential, James. James Travers falls in love with Guy's sister Joan. In an automobite accident he saves her life, but loses his right hand, and his career as a plantst.

Mrs. Travers sees Vertigan and informs him that if he exposes Eleigh, she will expose him Wimberley takes his motor car for a trip home. The car breaks down. After walking half, a mile Wimberley tips over an obstruction. When he awakens he finds himself in an old bars. Bending over him to Doctor Anderson, of John Erleigh's school. Doctor Anderson and an assistant attempt to transport him across a rifer. Is a struggle Wimberley draws his reverberley, free and makes his exace.

pe and Arthur discovers Vertigen wound-the says he was following two men had attempted to kidnap Guy Wimwho had attempted to kidnap Guy
berley.

Lord Arthur disbettenes the story and
demands from Erleigh that Vertigan be
diswissed. The truth is that Doctor Anderson, who attempted the kidnapping, is in a
plot of which Vertigan knows nothing.

James Travers is deeply in love with
Lady Joan Meriet.

Her mother and his mother agree that
the children must not be encouraged.

Without warning, Guy Wimberley disappears.

appears.
Erieigh tells Anne that the boy has run
sway. After Lord Arthur's accusation
against Mrs. Travers, Erieigh goes to Lon-

the boy's inhereabouts.

Fifty thousand pounds to demanded for the return of Guy. Lady Anne agrees to pay it.

Lord Arthur and Denham take the money to an island and wait.

A boat drifts to them. In it is a dead man. man.
The detectives are baffed. Lady Anne, on the veroe of collapse, almost wins John Erleigh's secret from him.
Lord Arthur pines, John Erleigh one week is which to break of his engagement to Lady Anne Wimberley.

CHAPTER XXIII-(Continued)

For a few moments there was slience. Then Russell said: "I suppose, Murray, there can be no inquest over here?" "No, the matter is entirely out of our hands. The Spanish authorities alone have the power to deal with the matter."

"That is a a pity," said Lord Arthur, "Well, my lord, the cause of death was simple enough. "Yes-but the affair leading up to it-the kidnapping of my nephew. That re-quires investigation; that must be sifted

to the bottom. "Mr. Richard Meriet is dead, my lord." "Yes, but others are under suspicion, Vertigan, for Instance,

Mr. Murray stroked his chin thought "It seems pretty certain, my lord," he said after a pause, "that Doctor Ander-son and his accomplice were the people who took Lord Wimberley from Harptree, and that the Meriet gang-you'll pardon me using your honorable name in such a connection-attacked the Anderson lot and took the boy away from them. Still, whatever the wording of the advertisement, I take it, my lord, that there will no difficulty made about the payment

of the money."
"Ten thousand pounds," said Lord Arthur in a hard, even voice, "for evidence that will bring one of the criminals to justice, and if there are two, twenty thousand pounds, and if there are three thirty thousand pounds. I would not have one of them escape—not one."

"And you will go out to Spain tonight, my lord?"
"Yes, and I should like you to come very well, my lord, I will come with "Yertigan?" queried Russell. with me.

from there. We shall have to work backward."

"I shall be ready to leave here in a few minutes, Mr. Murray. We can all motor down to Harptree together. Now about these"-and he glanced at the articles on

the table.
"I will leave his young lordship's things here," said Mr. Murray; "the others I will take back with me."

Lord Arthur left the room and the detective replaced Dick Meriet's belongings in the brown bag, "Bears it pretty well, doesn't he?" said

Russell. "Yes, but he's that sort. Hard as "Any chance of earning the reward, do you think?"

"Oh, yes."
"But not for us, eh?"
"You have as good a chance as any one else. You can work from this end. You're on the spot."
"Wouldn't like to make an arrangement

to divide-whatever happens?' "I might-we'll talk it over when I come

back from Spain."
"Do you think Vertigan is in it?" "Can't say." Ten minutes later Lord Arthur rentered the room. "I'm ready," he said, 'if you are.

They took their scats in the motorcar and the footman placed two trunks on the Then the car glided away into the darkness. "If this motorcar could only speak,"

said Mr. Murray, "It could tell us a story."
"Yes, indeed," said Russell. "Upon my word, with so many clues there ought to

be no difficulty."

Lord Arthur leaned forward and began
to read some papers he had taken from his pocket. The car was brilliantly lighted nd had a small table on which he rested

him arms. "One thing we have to be thankful for my lord." said Russell after a pause, "and that is the death of this scoundrel. If he'd lived he'd have had a try at your lord-

Lord Arthur looked at the speaker cold-Lord Arthur looked at the speaker coldly and then resumed the reading of the
papers. A moment later there was a sharp
crack as though some one had struck the
window with a small pebble. Murray
made a quick movement of his hand, and
the interior of the car was in darkness.
"What's the matter?" queried Lord Arthur sharply. "What are you doing, Mr.
Murray? Turn on the light again."
"Not just yet, my lord—if you don't
mind. We don't want another bullet
through the window."
"Bullet?" queried Russell and Lord Arthur together.

"Yes—clean through both windows—high velocity—never broke either of them—just a hole in each pane of glass—it must have been meant for you, my lord—

must have been meant for you, my lordodd we should just have been saying that
you were out of danger."

"Why don't you stop the car?" said
Lord Arthur angrily, and he groped in
the darkness for the speaking tube.

"Not just yet, my lord, if you don't
mind. We can't do anything. That was a
builet from a rifle, and we don't want
another. It might find its mark. We'li
run straight on down into Harptree."

"You must be mad. De you mean to
say we're to take no notice—just go on as
if nothing had happened?"

"That's what I do mean, my lord. The
fellow doubtless relied on our stopping.

"That's what I do mean, my lord. The fellow doubtless relied on our stopping. Then he could have got a clear shot at you. Besides, there is no time to be lost."
"The train doesn't matter. Look here, Mr. Murray, do you intend to let this scoundrel escape?"
"We can't find him in the dark, my lord, and as likely as not he'd shoot us if we did. The one important thing is to get down to Harptree as quickly as possible."
"Vertigan?" queried Russell.

"But Vertigan?" said Lord Arthur dry-"Why should Vertigan-Mr. Murray, I don't think you quite understand what this means."

"It means a good deal, my lord, that we don't understand." "That my cousin Dick Meriet is still

"Oh, I don't think that, my lord."
"Well, who else?"
"I do not know, my lord—as yet."
"You think Vertigan does not know that Dick Meriet is dead, and they arranged this between them before Dick Meriet left England."
"Mr. Vertigan does not know my lord."

"Mr. Vertigan does not know, my lord. He was in the headmaster's house when Russell went there with the news."
"Well, it's a rum job—don't you think-we might have the light?" The detective switched on the electric light again and Lord Arthur examined the

holes in the windows. The glass had starred slightly round them, but the holes were as clean as if they had been cut in a slice of cheese. "One of those new rifles," he said—

"very high velocity, I've got a rifle my-self that'd make a hole just like that." "Where do you keep it, my lord?" queried the detective.

"Oh, in my rooms in town. I should say the fellow who fired that shot had some idea of shooting. We were going thirty miles an hour, and he must have been some way ou, for I heard no report."

"Accident, do you think, my lord?" queried the inspector. "H'm, hardly. Folk don't go about firing off rifles at this time of night. I wish you'd let me stop the car, Mr. Murray. I don't see how we are to get any clues

"I know the place," said Murray rather

curtly. "I could tell you to within a yard or two where we were when the bullet struck the window."

struck the window."

"I don't even know which side it was fired from," said the Inspector.

Lord Arthur examined the two holes, "It was fired from our left," he said—"from the direction of the river." "Yes," said Mr. Murray. "I know that. The hole on the right is slightly nearer the top of the window. The ground slopes

down to the left. Is that how you argued , my lord?"
"No," said Lord Arthur rather con

temptuously. "I ought to know by this time on which side a bullet strikes an object. Now, where shall I tell the man to drive to?"

"The schoolhouse," said Russell,
"No," said Murray sharply. "Vertigan's lodgings first and then the schoolouse-20 Moon street.' Lord Arthur put his mouth to the speaking tube and gave the chauffeur the address. A few minutes later the car drew up outside the house.
"Who's to go in," queried Lord Arthur, "and what excuse is to be made for calling at this hour?"

"You can leave that to me, my lord,"
said the detective, with a smile. He
picked up his bag, alighted from the car
and knocked at the door of the house. It was opened by an elderly woman in "Mr. Vertigan in?" queried Murray.

"Yes, sir; what name shall I say?" The detective gave the woman his card

and a minute later was shown upstairs to a room on the first floor. Vertigan was lying on a sofa in front of the fire. He showed no surprise as Murray en-tered the room, but rose to his feet with some difficulty. "Sorry to trouble you so late as this,

said the detective, "but I understand that you knew the late Richard Moret."

"Yes, certainly. I know he's dead.
Well, he's no loss. Sit down, won't you?
I'll lie on the sofa, if you'll excuse me.
I've been rather seedy all day."
"The changeable weather, sir, I've no "Yes, certainly. I know he's dead.
Well, he's no loss. Sit down, won't you?
I'll lie on the sofa, if you'll excuse me.
I've been rather seedy all day."

"The changeable weather, sir, I've no doubt. I have certain things here of but he was overlooked just the same.

"The was overlooked in the same.

With the package came good luck for the future.

you could identify some of them."

He opened the bag and spread the things out on the table. Vertigan examined them one by one.
"No, I can't say I do recognize any of them. But then it's hardly likely I

should. Is there any doubt about Mr. Meriet's being dead?" "Not very much, sir; but we like to make doubly sure."

He put the things back in the bag.
"I suppose," said Vertigan as he watched him, "the brute murdered the "Oh, no, sir. The; were both wrecked in a storm, and drowned. A terrible busi-

"Yes-such a jolly little chap, too-s general favorite—the headmaster gave it out in Big School this morning. I suppose he'll be brought back to England.

he'll be brought back to England."
"Yes, Mr. Vertigan, yes. Well, I'm
sorry to have troubled you. "Good-night."
"Good-night," said Vertigan. "You'll
excuse my accompanying yeu to the door.
But I've got a chill, I think."
Mr. Murray made his way downstairs,
and saw the landlady through the open
door of the dining room. He walked in.
"When did Mr. Vertigan come in?" he
said.

sald. "About 6 o'clock, sir. He had to go out to one of his chemistry classes at 8, but he was not well enough."
"Thank you," said Murray. "Good-night."

(Continued Monday.) Copyright, 1914, by the Associated News-paper Limited.

Packing Hint. If you have to pack bottles in a trunk,

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Careless Mr. Beetle

O's a bright sunny day in late autumn, And he was carried into the nice warm two gray beetles met in a back yard house. garden.

"Good afternoon, my friend," said the greenest beetle; "do you think it is time for winter?"

Mr. Yellow Beetle laughed. "I should say I do think it is time!" he replied. "Surely you are not so stupid that you let this fine warm weather fool you! I thought better of you than that!"

"But I am having such a good time just fooling around," said the green beetle, "I don't like to take time to get ready for something that's way off!"

"Oh, of course, do just as you like," re-plied the yellow beetle carelessly, and he went on about his own business. he went on about his own business.
For some time the green beetle played about as before, but he couldn't quite forget what his friend had said. It stayed in the back of his mind and he kept thinking of it whether he wanted

to or not.
"I really do believe," he finally de-

"I really do believe," he finally decided, "that I'll see about that winter home business tomorrow. I want to be sure to find a nice warm hole some place where it is handy."

But before tomorrow came Jack Prost blew down from the cold north pole and froze up all the nice holes—he nearly froze up all the beetles, too, by the way—and poor Mr. Green Beetle was left cold and hungry and homeless!

But whining was not considered elegant

But whining was not considered elegant in the beetle family, so he didn't sit down and talk about what bad luck he had had or anything like that-not he! He simply crawled slowly around in search of place to hide.

And as he crawled, he made his way,

"This surely is luck," he whispered to himself when he felt the first breath of warmth, "I'll stay here all the winter As soon as the rug was put down on the floor, he crawled off and under the nearest couch, and from there he took his time in finding a warm, snug hole in the bases

board, "Now!" he exclaimed, as he settled himself comfortably, "this is what I call live ing. I shall stay right here forever!" And maybe he would have done that very thing—who knows—but for the mid-winter house cleaning which came around just after the holidays! House cleanings are dreadful events for beetles, you

know! Mrs. Housekeeper cleaned and scoured and as she cleaned she came across Mr. Beetle's snug hole. "Dear me, do look Beetle's anug hole, "Dear me, do look here!" she called to her helpers, "here's a beetle in the baseboard! And he looks as if he had been there all the winter!" Before the beetle had a chance to applain that he would do no damage, or this he really needed the home, she had poked him out with a pin, pushed him on to the dustpan, and tossed him out into the snow! And that was the end of that careless beetle!

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GIFT FOR "WHITE HOUSE BABY" Mrs. Sayre Receives Winter Clothing for Little Son.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.-Baby Francis Sayre, President Wilson's grandson, won't have to worry about having enough winter clothing this season. He received to day, in care of his mother, a huge pasts age of baby finery-bonnet, crothist jacket, white dress, white kid shees, a comb and brush and so on-from Pitts field, Mass.

With the package came a message of



